## Canning.

Yes, ma'am; we know that the canning season is at hand, and that the inexperienced ones are fretting themselves sick through fear that the fruit will not "keep," and that it is our duty to give these young housekeepers the benefit of the wisdom that we have gained by several centuries of experience in canning, pickling, preserving, etc.

In the first place, perfect cans are among the indispensables to success in canning. Self-sealing glass cans are the ones that you can trust under all circumstances. Fruit properly put up will keep in tin cans, and doubtless if the tin cans are well made of honest tin, as they sometimes are, they would answer just as well as glass; but in these days when much of our tinware is not coated with tin at all, but with lead, no woman who values the health of her family should think of putting up anything in tin cans, unless she is sure of her article. The glazed earthenware cans are "a delusion and a snare." Sometimes fruit will keep in them, and sometimes it will not—generally not. Glass cans cost more to begin with, but like a good many other expensive articles they are the cheapest in the end. Fruit properly put up in self-sealing glass cans will last as long as you will.

All fruit and berries used for canning should be fresh and ripe, but not over ripe. Berries should be firm, and peaches and pears must be canned before they get mellow. It is not absolutely necessary to use sugar when canning, but as most fruits and berries need the sugar sometime, you might as well put a considerable in to begin with. Granulated sugar is undoubtedly the best for canning. It costs a cent more a pound than the best brown sugar, but then one pound of granulated sugar will sweeten considerably more than a pound of the best brown sugar that you can get. Nearly all the brown sugar that we buy is adulterated with sand and glucose. Our rule is a quarter of a pound of granulated sugar for every pound of fruit or berries, but for currants and cherries we use a little more, and for peaches a little less. Put your fruit and sugar together in a porcelain kettle, adding a little water if necessary, cook until the fruit is boiling hot clear through, fill the cans full while the fruit is hot; wipe the top dry and put on the cover; screw down firmly, and as the fruit cools tighten the cover until it can be moved no further. If you notice any air bubbles in the can run a spoon down to them and let the air escape before you put the top on. To prevent breaking the cans, fill them with quite warm water until they are warmed through; then pour out the water, set the cans in a pan containing a little hot water, and put in the fruit.

Berries, and fruit that is apt to mush up by much handling, will look better if cooked in the cans. Fill the cans with fruit, pour over a syrup made by melting the sugar that you intend to use in some water—say from half a pound to a pound of sugar to a quart of water—put on the glass top loosely, set the cans in the washboiler with cold water enough to come within three inches of the top of the cans. Heat until the fruit is boiling hot and then boil fifteen minutes longer. The fruit will settle down in the cans, but take the contents of one or two cans to fill up the rest, and then seal up immediately. Do not set the cans on the bottom of the boiler. Get the "worser half" to shape a board a little smaller than the inside of the boiler, bore it full of holes an inch apart, and nail three strips an inch thick across the under side to rest on the bottom of the boiler. Set the cans on this board and they will be all right. Fruit put up this way will keep, because it can not do otherwise.

Canned fruit should be kept in a cellar if you have one. The next best place is a cool milk-house, but if you have neither, put in a dark closet, in the coolest place at command. Mind you, this is not written for the old housekeepers, but for the inexperienced ones.—*Cor. Prairie Farmer.*

## Giving and Receiving Hospitality.

It is a great pleasure to many country housekeepers to show hospitality to their friends during the summer months. If they have pleasant and commodious homes and ample means of entertainment, they love to surround themselves with a circle of friends and enjoy the reflection from these chosen faces of the good things provided them. There may be a secret pride on the part of the hostess in permitting her guests to see the resources at her command, but it is certainly pardonable when those resources are at the disposal, for the time, of visiting friends.

If one has not a commodious home and ample means of entertainment, showing hospitality is often a great burden, though it may be cheerfully borne. It means added care and labor for the house-mother, who quite possibly is already overburdened, and expense which can be ill-afforded. Guests who disregard these considerations do not deserve to be themselves very much considered. There are places in every town and almost every neighborhood where at certain rates food and lodging will be furnished, and, therefore, those who claim hospitality for the sole sake of physical supplies can not claim either the rights or privileges of guests. They are dependent on the mere sufferance of their host, and may well be thankful for whatever they may receive.

Thomas Jefferson, after his retirement to Monticello, ruined himself financially by excessive hospitality, and reduced his children and grandchildren to poverty. He kept open house, and everybody who came (and everybody did come) was invited to stay for dinner. We do not remember to have seen a single commendation of this course, and Jefferson's example in this regard has found few followers. He gave to strangers and to thousands who came solely for the "loaves and fishes" what he should have saved for his own family, and he received in return no just equivalent. But having begun to keep open house, he, like many others, found no place to stop. A stop, however, must be made if one has thus begun, or disaster is sure to follow.

Families living in cities are sometimes compelled to break up housekeeping in order to keep their country friends from visiting them out of house and home. The expense for each guest may be inconsiderable—food, car fares, admissions to exhibitions and entertainments—but in the aggregate it mounts beyond the ability to pay. Families living in the country often close their houses and leave home in the summer to avoid the labor and expense of entertaining those who, without invitation, come to "stay a while." They can not afford to spend on guest what must be applied to paying the interest on the mortgage or the school bills of the children.

The host can not offer to the guest what is not his to give—he certainly ought not to do it—and the guest can not, in propriety or conscience, expect or accept what the host has no right to give. Kings receive due hospitality from Kings and Princes. When they condescend to visit those beneath them in rank and state, they do not expect to be served with dainties on gold plate. It is enough if the best the house affords is placed before them, though that best be the plainest fare on delft, and apologies in such cases are entirely out of order.

A fine sense of propriety on the part of the guest will enable him to adjust himself to the tone of the household of which, for the time, he or she forms a part. If admitted as one of the family, then in his measure the duties devolving on the various members of the family will devolve on the guest. A fine sense of propriety on the part of the host will enable him to so adjust household matters that his guest will be at ease and at liberty to enjoy whatever sources of entertainment there may be within reach. Here, as in every other social relation, the Golden Rule is a safe guide. A man has no more right to wrong himself than he has to wrong his friend, no more right to permit himself to be wronged than he has to stand silently by and see his friend injured. All this is very alphabetical, but to some it may be new and helpful.

As hosts are often made a mere convenience of by uninvited guests, so guests are often induced to accept hospitality that they may be made subservient to the selfish interest of the host. Exchange is no robbery. Where parties trade, and both grow rich, there is no cause for complaint, but where the profit is all or chiefly on one side something is wrong.

If all people were honorable and high-minded and unselfish and possessed of a fine sense of propriety, such remarks as are made above would be quite uncalled for.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

## Babies in Midsummer.

It is a pretty big job to pilot a baby through a summer's campaign. A prominent Cincinnati physician, being interviewed the other day, expressed the opinion that a baby should never be given milk save from the breast of its mother, or, if that be impossible, from the breast of a foster-mother. He stated that so many of the dairy cows nowadays are consumptive or otherwise diseased that, in the first place, their milk, even if unadulterated, is poisonous. Again, he said that the cow's milk is jostled for hours in hot weather before it is delivered to consumers, and thus it is literally churned. Thus it is eminently unfit for the use of infants. The conduct of mothers who nurse their children from the breast was also referred to. Frequently it is the case that mothers become overheated and wrought up over the washtub and other household duties, and their milk is then unfit for a child to drink. A baby's stomach is irritable and tender. It is overloaded with milk and it becomes a source of pain, just as a cinder does when it flies into a person's eye. Remove the cinder and relief follows. The baby throws up the milk and the pain ceases, unless it be hot weather, when it goes off through the bowels and sickness results. So it is with solid food, only in a more pronounced degree. Therefore solid food should not be given an infant until it is able to masticate its food. Especially starch food, such as potatoes, etc., should be avoided. One great mistake mothers make is to suckle their children everytime they cry. That is not right. They ought not to give them the breast oftener than once in two hours at first, and this interval ought to be lengthened to three hours after awhile. During the night they should not suckle them more frequently than once. The proper thing to do is to give them a drink of water. The little things are oftener thirsty than hungry. The doctor said that ice should be given the little ones in abundance while they are teething. It relieves and cools the hot, inflamed gums, and the baby does not swallow enough ice-water to hurt it, because it wastes the greater part of it. The use of flannels on babies all through the summer was animadverted upon severely. The doctor declared that children should be clad to suit the weather. In very warm weather the infants ought to be allowed about one garmet, and that a pretty light one.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

## Cultivating Weeds.

*Apropos* of the popularity of this weed, the daisy, for so the farmers regard it, a scheme is suggested to some farmers by D. G. Croly to undertake the systematic cultivation of weeds. The most valuable plants were once weeds, and have become useful to man by careful cultivation. Even rye at one time in history was as useless to man as the Canada thistle or the yellow dock weed. The vegetable food of the race has been developed out of apparently useless plants. Why not then test the possible hidden virtues of the noxious weeds which now do so much to increase the labor of the farmer? This is too large a subject to go into here, but a few thousand dollars might be well spent in carefully cultivating the seeds of the best known varieties of weeds. They were not created for nothing, and it is man's business to find out the hidden purposes of the Deity, or at least to test all things and hold fast to that which is good.—*Demorest's Monthly.*

—A pastor in this city saw a clerical-looking man in his audience, Sunday night, and after the services went up to him, grasped his hand cordially and said: "How do you do, brother; are you a pastor?" The young man looked a trifle astonished, and hesitatingly replied: "Why, no, sir, not hardly; I'm a bookkeeper in a grocery store."—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

## Unfurling the Holy Flag.

So much is heard nowadays of the possibility of a union of Islam and a holy war, that it may not be without interest briefly to look into the subject as it is presented both in history and in popular belief—two very different things, it hardly need be said. An apparently competent writer in the London *Times*, when writing of it last year, insisted that it was practically impossible for the idea of a *jehad*, or war of extermination against the infidels, to be carried out. Islam—the word signifies full submission to God, and is used by Mohammedans to designate their faith and the whole body of believers in it—had its rise among the Arabs of the desert who inhabited the sterile ranges on the eastern coasts of the Red Sea and the almost equally barren districts of the Nejd, who, like all nomad and semi-savage tribes, relied for their livelihood chiefly upon plundering their richer neighbors, and as often raided each other's territories with equal vigor. These raids were and are called *ghazi*, and one who takes part in them a *ghazi*. "All the expeditions and petty warfare by which Mohammed established his power in the Hejaz are spoken of," we read, "as *ghazawat*, and it was only when more ambitious attacks were made upon the Roman and Persian borders and the cry of 'There is no god but Allah, and Mohammed is his prophet,' had become the watchword of victory, that a *ghazi* came to be synonymous with 'one who fights for the faith.' This title, expressed in full, *ghazi ed din*, was much affected by later Mohammedan princes of other than Arab blood; but few, if any, of the conquering Persian, Turk or Tartar notables ever even understood the term in its original sense, or ever fought merely to propagate the monotheistic creed. Mohammed was the first to make a *ghazi* on a large scale, and the first to preach to his Arab compatriots the duty of *jehad*—that is, of 'mutual strenuous effort' for the attainment of their common aim." The prophet, knowing that the tribes never could become a power while they wasted their energies in internecine warfare, and at the same time that they could not be united under any master, sought to bring about national unity by binding them by that "common religious feeling" which really meant, as it so often does, common interests, customs, and superstitions.

At Mecca were all the elements of centralization—the kaabah, containing all the gods of the different tribes and the locale of all the fairs and gatherings at which the historical and religious traditions of the race were circulated and kept alive. The Persian Empire was weak and the Roman Empire was declining, and their dominions bordering upon Arabia fell an easy prey to the bands now for the first time acting in concert. "The long series of conquests that followed in quick succession were," says the writer already alluded to, "of course attributed to the potency of the profession of faith which formed their battle-cry, and their religious enthusiasm grew stronger with each triumph. The Arabs had at last found the all-powerful name of which the children of Shem have ever dreamed, by means of which Solomon controlled the demons and the elements, was wafted through the air on his magic carpet, or sealed up the refractory genie in a bottle at the bottom of the sea. Henceforward the conquered infidels were offered but one alternative—to acknowledge the name of Allah and his prophet, or to perish by the sword; while the formula, 'In the name of Allah, the merciful, the compassionate,' was ever after placed at the head or every Moslem writing. The conquest of a country was first treated by these Bedouin raiders like that of an encampment or desert village; all the portable property that could be laid hands on was seized and shared among the soldiery, and a poll-tax was imposed on all who chose to save themselves from massacre by the profession of the Mohammedan faith. But this primitive system soon became unmanageable as their dominions extended, and a more settled and elaborate government was required. The only way in which this could be secured was by leaving the administration practically in the hands of native officers and holding the country by a military occupation, which constituted a perpetual state of siege.

The possibility of a holy war being preached has been discussed repeatedly of late years. It is held that in India the influence of Islam has never been much more than superficial, and that at the present time an Indian Moslem, in his observance and tenets, is but a Hindoo in foreign dress. With scarcely an exception the Ulemas, when appealed to to decide whether or not India was *aar al harb*,—an enemy's country—pronounced *fetvas*, in the negative, an opinion confirmed later by the assembly of Meccan doctors, who disposed of the subject once for all. At the same time it is pointed out that the Arabs who migrated to Africa and set up the rival caliphate in Spain were not subject to the same extraneous influences as those under the caliphate of Bagdad, having mixed but little with the natives, and having preserved to the present day their Arab customs, traditions, and general ogies. "The same elements of Arab religious fanaticism," said the writer in *The Times*, "combined with Arab clan feeling, exist there as in the Hejaz or Yemen, and should some powerful Moslem saint and chief—and there are many such in Morocco, Tunis, and Algiers—preach the extermination of the Kafirs, it would be useless to hope that any such moderate counsels would prevail as those which averted a similar danger in India. It might be strictly a 'Pan-Islamic' movement, to quote the current jagron of the day, but it would be a universal Arab movement, which would give rise to inexpressible horrors of war and bloodshed in Western Africa itself, and it would attract sufficient sympathy in other Mohammedan countries to prove a serious danger to the general peace."

The "unfurling of the green flag" is a form frequently used, probably because the flag in question is not green and can not be unfurled. It would be refreshing, indeed, to find any two authorities quite agreed upon the subject of this banner. Mohammed's earliest standard was the white turban which he captured from Boreide, and he adopted subsequently the black curtain which hung before the door of his wife, Ayesha, which passed to Omar, the Abbassides, Selim I., and finally to Amurath III., who took it to Europe. This "black eagle," which is inscribed with the words, "Nasrum min Allah"—"The Help of God"—was instituted *dit-on*, in contradistinction to the great white banner of the Korelshites. Another account insists that the *sanajak-i-sherif* is a green flag, brought down from heaven to the prophet by the angel Gabriel, and it is kept, in fair covering of green taffeta, inclosed in a case of green cloth, in the mosque of Ayoub at Constantinople. A third authority recites that it is carefully preserved in the seraglio in a case built into the wall. "The standard," we read, "is twelve feet high, and the golden ornament, a closed ball which surmounts it, holds a copy of the Koran written by the caliph, Osman III. In times of peace it is guarded in the hall of the Noble Vestment," where are preserved the prophet's dress and other relics. Still another authority declares that it is "an innocent piece of rotten and faded silk, which used to be covered with sacred writings, and which once was green in color. The only legible word remaining upon it is 'Alem'—world—which appears in a secluded fold near the staff. The flag is never unfurled—nor, indeed, can it be from rottenness—but is kept rolled on its staff and covered with a green satin cover, the whole packed away in a gold or gilded box."

When the holy standard is to be brought out, it is carried in its green cover through the streets of Constantinople, and after the city walls are passed it is "in the field." It is then stowed away in the gilded box once more and this is carried with the army much as the Jews used to take the ark of the covenant to the wars. When it is in the field every Moslem is in duty bound to follow in its train. The usual proclamation is: "This is the prophet's banner; this is the standard of the caliphate. It is planted before you and unfurled over your heads, O true believers, to announce to you that your religion is threatened, that your caliphate is in peril, and that your lives, your wives, your children and your possessions are in danger of becoming a prey to cruel enemies. Any Moslem, therefore, who refuses to take up arms and follow this holy flag is an infidel amenable to death." When the flag was brought out in 1768, according to Baron Tolt, the Christians had no difficulty in renting windows and housetops from which to view the ceremony, but when the proclamation was made: "Let no infidel dare to profane with his presence the holy standard of the prophet, and let every Mussulman, if he sees an unbeliever, instantly make it known!" their hosts pushed them over the roofs or drove them out of the houses to be butchered by the soldiers and mob. The scene was different when a few years ago, in order to obtain Christians as volunteers, "flags of brotherly love" were paraded through the streets of Constantinople, which bore in white upon a crimson ground the cross and the crescent.—*N. Y. World.*

## "Assassination by Silence."

"Assassination by silence" is the latest Gallicism. It was the verdict of the medical men and of society in the case of a Frenchwoman recently deceased; and a coroner's jury would probably have rendered the same verdict if the case had not been kept from the coroner. Noble by birth, she was, and very rich; but she was hopelessly plain, ugly of feature and hump-backed. Her husband, a Duke, married her for her money and hated her for her ugliness. A fortnight after her wedding her martyrdom began, but not as other conjugal martyrdoms have done. The Duke lavished attentions on her—in public; he was affectionate—before the servants; it was "darling" and "beloved," and "my little cat"—when any one was present; but in private changed, and only one old nurse was in the secret. He pretended to be jealous of her, and so played the Othello. He had the hinges of all the doors so carefully oiled that they could be opened without a creak, the domestics were trained to move about noiselessly, snares were set in the vast gardens of their hotel so that never the chirp of the sparrow was heard. The poor woman was forced to live in the midst of silence, and when they went together into society he scowled so fearfully at every one who approached his wife to speak to her that little by little people ceased to make the effort. And then after they had returned, and she had gone to bed, he would enter with list shoes on his feet, so as not to announce his coming, and would simulate a scene of jealousy. That is to say, he would pace up and down like one in a fury who is about to burst into reproaches; words of anger would seem on the point of issuing from his mouth; then he would stop by the bedside and raise his hand in threat; but he never struck, he never spoke, and, resuming his walk, would go through the same scene over and over again, until, overcome by fatigue and horror, the Duchess swooned. Every night for ten years his victim watched for menaces which he seemed about to proffer, but to which he never gave vent. The doctors were summoned at last; but the utmost they could say was that they were in the presence of some horrible mystery which could not be fathomed without killing the husband. And when the poor woman died and the old nurse told her story they rendered the verdict above recorded.—*Detroit Free Press.*

## The Desired Article Fully Described.

The following letter was recently received at Castle Garden:

Addressed most full of respect and humbleness to the very distinguished Commissarys of Emigration in the town of New York, United States.

ST. PAUL, Minn., July 3, 1882.

Respected Gentlemen:

Three yars ago I arifed in United States at Castle Garden. I was most kind treated bei the gentlemens in the garden which send me to Minnesota to an employment and I mad monney a great deall. now I haf a store and a horse and waggon only I haf not a wife and I most respectfully ask the Commissarys to send me a wife from Scandinavia. A Sweden girll or a Norway girll I want but a Dane girll I do not love because Danish langage I do not speak well. Monney she must haf a litle, and also dress and boots and mantel, because clothings are very dear in Minnesota. I do not want a girl of more age as twenty-fife, and she must haf no father or muder with her. Will the Commissarys, respectfully I ask, gif me a girl like thiss and send her to me in St. Paul, Minnesota. My name is John Olsen. Address, 212 Grand street, St. Paul.

# Our Young Folks.

## *AMUSING "HIS HIGHNESS."*

His little Highness sits in state
Upon his rightful throne,
And from his kingly brow all sign
Of royal care has flown.
His little Highness smiles at us
Who kneel before him there,
The while we kiss his gracious hand
And bonny face so fair.

His little Highness, it is plain,
His subjects should amuse;
And of all entertainments, pray,
Which will his Highness choose?
There's "This wee pig to market went,"
Played with his royal toes;
And "Trot, trot, trot, on mother's knee,
To Boston baby goes;"

And "Patty-cake, O baker's man!"
Played with the dimpled hands;
And many another game like that
Which baby understands.
But best of all his Majesty
His mother's kiss prefers;
For though we dearly love our King,
There is no love like hers.

So in her arms she clasps him tight,
He and his dignity.
He's only baby, after all,
And sleepy as can be.
His throne into a cradle turns—
'Tis mother's knee, you know—
And presently to slumber-land
His Majesty will go.

—*Mary D. Brine in Harper's Young People.*

## HOW JOE WON A BOUQUET FROM THE QUEEN.

Joe Bently was an American boy who had been brought up on a cattle-farm in the interior of one of the New England States; but who had left home for the more congenial life on board a man-of-war. His first voyage took him to Lisbon, where to his great delight he learned that there was to be, during the following Easter week, a great bull-fight. The wildest bulls had been brought from Andalusia, a large number of horses from the royal stables were to be in the ring, the Queen herself would preside and distribute the favors, and, in short, it was to be the grandest bull-fight seen in Portugal for many years.

All this had a peculiar fascination for Joe. In all his allusions to Portugal and Spain, he had declared to the boys that the only thing he cared to see in those countries was a bull-fight.

The bull-fights of Portugal are different from those of Spain in several important particulars. At every such fight in Spain, where this cruel sport is conducted in the most barbarous manner, many horses are killed, and sometimes men, too, fall victims, and at the close of the fight the bull is dispatched by the *matador*, or bull-killer. The law of Portugal does not allow the bull to be killed, and his horns are always padded, or tipped with brass, so that he can not gore the horses. Once in a while, however, a man is killed, in spite of this precaution. The excitement is intense, as the object is to drive or drag the bull from the inclosure.

Accordingly, having obtained permission to go ashore on the day of the fight, he made his way at an early hour to the bull-ring, and obtained one of the best seats. He thought that all Lisbon must be there. All waited in suspense for the Queen to enter the royal box. Presently she appeared, and was greeted with repeated cries of applause. Then the sport began, and Joe watched with interest and enthusiasm the mad rush of the bull into the ring, and admired the agility of his tormentors in evading his onslaughts. Finally, however, the superb animal had driven all his opponents from the inclosure.

For an instant the bull was master of the ring.

The most perilous feat of the bull-ring was now attempted. A young man, covered with silver lace hung all over with little bells, undertook to throw himself between the bull's horns and cling to them till the bull should be sufficiently exhausted to be overpowered and taken from the ring. He courageously made the attempt, but unhappily missed his aim and fell directly in front of the enraged animal.

At this moment of terrible suspense, moreover, Joe suddenly saw what had not yet been discovered by any one else—that the bull had lost the padding from one of his horns. He stood over the young man, his eyes glaring and his whole attitude one of furious anger. He refused to be diverted by the colors glancing all around him, and he seemed to be considering whether he should trample on his victim or pierce him with the naked horn. The young man did not dare to move, for he was aware that the bull possessed every advantage. The excitement of the audience was at its highest point, and the overwrought feelings of our hero would allow him to retain his seat no longer.

With the sprightliness of a sailor-boy he leaped the paling. Everybody was astonished at his temerity. An Englishman present, fearing for the life of the unpracticed lad, cried out: "Come back!" Several Americans shouted for him to leave the the ring. But Joe had made the venture, and he was not going to be frightened from the ring. On the farm at home he had conquered many a steer quite as wild and powerful as even this maddened bull.

He was conscious that thousands of eyes were watching him with eager interest; but without hesitation he advanced toward the bull, coolly placing himself so that with one hand he could grasp the bull's horn, while with the other he could seize his shaggy mane. The young man, meanwhile, had leaped to his feet and retired to a safe position, leaving Joe to fight the bull alone. Joe's mode of attack had never before been seen in Portugal, and it appeared the extreme of folly. A murmur of remonstrance was heard in every part of the audience. Many cried out for the *campinos* to rush in and rescue the reckless youth. The bull did not seem to appreciate the turn events had taken, and for a moment stood motionless. A strange silence, almost ominous of defeat to our hero, settled upon the pavilion. It was a thrilling scene—the brave sailor boy apparently at the mercy of the furious animal, and thousands of spectators looking on with breathless interest.

Suddenly the bull recovered himself, and, with an angry flaunt of his head, renewed hostilities. Joe quickly found that clinging to a yard-arm in a tempest was less difficult than to the bull's slippery horn; but he was determined to be captain of this lively craft. Somehow he felt that the honor of his country depended upon his victory.

As a good seaman favors his ship in a hurricane, so Joe resolved to humor the bull. He realized that he must take care of his strength, for he would need it all before he got through with his antagonist. Now the bull began to exhibit his wrath. He writhed, and hooked, and stamped. One instant the audience expected to see poor Joe dangling from his horns, and the next trampled helpless beneath his feet. But Joe clung as he would cling to a life-line in a fearful surf. During the intervals of the bull's violence, as in the water on its ebb, he struck gallantly upon his feet. Each time he did so, cries of "Bravo! bravo!" rent the air. The bull continued to put forth still greater power. He plunged and tore around the ring. Alternately he jerked and swung Joe from his feet, and fairly spun him through the air. The pavilion tossed, and reeled, and whirled before Joe's giddy sight. Round and round flew the bull as in a race for life. Several times he completed the circuit of the ring; a circle of dust rose from his track and hung over it like a wreath of smoke.

How Joe held on! He feared he could not endure the shock and strain for a minute longer, and he dreaded to let go. He began to lament his rashness. But all at once the bull's speed slackened. Joe felt a thrill of gratitude as his feet once more touched the ground. He was tired of flying, and was very glad to run. The bull, convinced that he could not liberate his horn from Joe's unyielding grip, came to a halt, and with disappointed anger began to paw the ground. Joe had longed for this advantage, which, strange to say, a bull seldom gives till toward the close of a fight, and he sprang directly in front of him and firmly grasped both his horns. "Bravo! bravo!" rent the air. Joe braced himself and waited, and when the bull threw his foot high in the air with its little cloud of dust, by a quick, powerful movement, Joe twisted his head to one side so strongly that the fierce animal was thrown off his balance, and fell heavily upon his side.

A score of men rushed in to hold him down until he should be secured; then he was rolled and taken triumphantly from the ring. Joe was almost deafened by the applause. He suddenly found himself a hero in the estimation of the audience, and was overwhelmed by the outburst of enthusiasm. He was not allowed to leave the ring until he had been led to the royal box, where the Queen, with her own hand, passed him a beautiful bouquet. She also extended to him an invitation to come to the palace, where she herself would receive the brave American boy.—*H. H. Clark, in St. Nicholas.*

## A Friend in Need.

A TRUE STORY.

Rover was a big dog; Tabby was only a little kitten. Somebody had left her in our yard one frosty night. In the morning we found her in the wet grass. She was shivering with the cold. We made her a warm bed and fed her with new milk.

Rover was not very good to Tabby. He growled crossly whenever he saw her. Poor pussy! It was not her fault that she had come to our house.

When Tabby grew bigger Rover stopped teasing her. Perhaps he knew that she wore sharp claws in her soft paws. Any way, he did not even look at her. So she, like a well-bred cat, did not go near him.

One soft summer day these two lay asleep on the long porch. Together? O no! Rover lay on the door-mat, sunning himself. Tabby sat, winking and dreaming, away at the other end. Grandpapa dozed in his rocking-chair between them. I suppose some of us must have left the gate open. Suddenly a big yellow dog ran into the yard. Seeing kitty, he began to bark. She arched her back and looked cross. He did not mind that. He caught her in his big, ugly mouth and shook her. Grandpapa thought her back was broken.

The next thing was a surprise to the yellow dog. Rover did not love Tabby, it must be owned; but he was an honest dog, and would see "fair play." At one jump he seized the visitor and whipped him soundly. Away ran the cur, limping and yelping home. Rover walked quietly back to finish his nap.

Tabby mewed pitifully, for she was hurt. She would not go to grandpapa, who called her. But you cannot guess what she did. She walked up to Rover and lay down between his fore paws. He did not bite her. He did not even growl. Instead, he licked Tabby's lame neck to make it well. He felt that he was her protector. And this was her way of thanking him.

This happened a long time ago, but Rover and Tabby are still fast friends. —*Our Little Ones.*

## Gossip.

What is the cure for gossip? Simply culture. There is a great deal of gossip that has no malignity in it. Good-natured people talk about their neighbors because, and only because, they have nothing else to talk about. Gossip is always a personal confession, either of malice of imbecility, and the young should not only shun it, but by the most thorough culture relieve themselves from all temptations to indulge in it. It is low, frivolous, and too often a dirty business. There are country neighborhoods in which it rages like a pest. Churches are split in pieces by it. Neighbors made enemies by it for life. In many persons it degenerates into a chronic disease, which is practically incurable.—*N. Y. Home Journal.*

—A boy down in Lee County rigged himself up in a sheet the other night, and sneaked around the house to stand at the window of his brother's room and play ghost. But he forgot to count on the dog, who didn't believe in ghosts, and pretended to sleep by the kitchen chimney. The ghost materialized about five feet from the chimney and when the doctor came he cauterized nineteen holes in it, while the dog, with his tail standing straight up in the air like a mast, walked around the yard on his tip-toes, and talked bass, and asked everybody what he should fly at next.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

—It is estimated by the census of 1880 that there is an average of five and a quarter persons to each family. In many of them the husband is the quarter.